We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
As he was comming from this Church-yards side.
Chiefwatch. A great suspition, stay the Frier too too.

Enter the Prince.

Prin. What misaduenture is so early vp,
That calls our person from our morning rest?

Enter Capels,

Ca. What should it be that is so shrike abroad?
Wife. O the people in the street crie *Romeo*,
Some *Iuliet*, and some *Paris*, and all runne
With open outcry toward our Monument.
Pr. What feare is this which startles in your eares?
Watch. Soueraine, here lies the County *Paris* slain,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Iuliet* dead before,
Warme and new kild. (comes.
Prin. Search, seeke & know how this foule murder
Wat. Here is a Frier, and Slaughter *Romeos* man,
With Instruments vpon them, fit to open
These dead mens Tombes.

Enter Capulet and his wife.

Ca. O heauens! O wife looke how our daughter
This dagger hath mistane, for loe his house (bleeds
Is emptie on the back of *Mountague*,
And it missheathd in my daughters bosome.
Wife. O me, this sight of death, is as a Bell
That warnes my old age to a sepulcher.

Enter Mountague.

Prin. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp
To see thy sonne and heire, now earling downe.
Moun. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my sonnes exile hath stopt her breath.
What further woe conspires against mine age?
Prin. Looke and thou shalt see.
Moun. O thou vntaught, what maners is in this,
To presse before thy father to a graue?
Prin. Seale vp the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can cleare these ambiguities,

And

And know their spring, their head,
And then will I be generall of you
And leade you euen to death, mean
And let mischance be slaue to patie
Bring foorth the parties of suspitio
Frier. I am the greatest able to d
Yet most suspected as the time and
Doth m[illegible] against me of this dire
And heere I stand both to i peac
My selfe condemned, and my selfe
Prin. Then say at once what thou
Frier. I will be briefe, for my shor
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo there dead, was husband to
And she there dead, thats *Romeos*
I married them, and their stolne m
Was *Tibalts* doomesday, whose vn
Banisht the new-made Bridegroo
For whome, and not for *Tibalt*, *Iu*
You to remoue that siege of griefe
Betrothd and would haue married
To Countie *Paris*. Then comes sh
And with wild lookes bid me deu
To rid her from this second maria
Or in my Cell there would she ki
Then gaue I her (so tutord by my
A sleeping potion, which so tooke
As I intended, for it wrought on
The forme of death, meane time
That he should hither come as thi
To help to take her from her born
Being the time the potions force
But he which bore my letter, Frie
Was stayed by accident, and yes
Returnd my letter back, then all a
At the prefixed hower of her wak

M

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22323) LONDON, 1599 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (De.3